

NYM CRINKLE WRITES.

The Famous Dramatic Critic Discusses Theatrical Events.

NEW YORK PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Francis Wilson's New Opera, "The Lion Tamer," a Pleasant Hash of Music and Mirth—The Inimitable Behan and the Divine Patti.

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NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—There are three or four Merry Andrews in the amusement world who walk over the people with imperious tomfoolery. They are jolly modern juggernauts, and I ought to say the people throw themselves under their wheels with a mad fealty to fun that is almost pagan.

De Wolf Hopper is one of these. Dixey used to be, and Francis Wilson is another. You may, if you please, put Mr. Harrigan into the same category.

These men play the court jester to the public, and none of them is so specially endowed to do it as Mr. Francis Wilson, who has just produced at the Broadway theater an expensive and glittering masque, which he calls "The Lion Tamer."

And here I ought to say in a parenthesis that theatrical entertainments run like dynamite disasters, in cycles. The principle of sympathetic imitation governs the character of plays. After somebody discovered the skirt dance every playwright bent his material to that focus. After Mr. Howard had produced "Shenandoah" the entire play constructing ability of the country centered itself on war plays.

Just now somebody has struck the idea of putting a circus on the stage—lion tamers and sawdust. The Academy of Music has been converted into a circus. Street parade, double trapeze, paper hoops, animals and clown are now roving for the winter under the protecting wings of the drama, and the parade becomes a play.

Presto! The moment Mr. Francis Wilson got his "Lion Tamer" on we saw it was the same attempt—the same spangles, the same sawdust, the same hoop-la—but all swimming in the deceptive mayonnaise of opera, just as the other arena at the Acad. any swims in the olive oil of drama.

But throughout this ragout is the piquant flavor of Francis Wilson like the pervasive capsaicum. To say that he ever for one moment attempts to act would be poignant injustice to the purpose and pretense of the Merry Andrews. He does not. He sky-larks. He has tied the chords to the caravan and reinstated Mr. Merryman and the monkeys, and if you will only accept his postulate that it is opera, every thing goes swimmingly and music gets the benefit of a masquerade.

"The Lion Tamer" was the theatrical success of last week. The big Broadway theater creaked and snapped with the pressure of people, and after Mr. Wilson is the postulate. The people go to see him fill the shining interstices of this merry mob with Francis Wilson. He may be called the cement that holds the ceremony together. A kind of unformulated idolatry reigns when he appears, and the people begin to throw themselves under his tomfoolery.

That he can make the disciplined heart glad is doubtful, but the popular heart is not disciplined. It is content to be diverted, and I suppose you have heard that Barnum swayed the hearts of his countrymen with a hundred old cages in a line properly lit. He used to say: "Let other people make their laws. I am content to make their programmes."

The form of entertainment so resplendently shown in "The Lion Tamer" is and has been for a long time the form that catches the multitude in this city. Mr. Harrigan has built a temple of his own out of it. Miss Lillian Russell stands like an oriental goddess in the front of it, holding her pink skirts up so that we can see "Opera" emblazoned on her black stockings. A few men like De Mille and Howard and Mr. Gus Thomas are honestly trying to write plays, but they are up in the parlor with the lights turned down and the shutters bowed, entertaining a few invited guests, while Hoyt and Joseph Arthur and the rest of them are having open house in the kitchen with the servants.

Mr. Harrigan, who has just furnished a new variation of his old themes and called it the "Last of the Hozans," shows signs of being frayed along the edges of his imagination. The last piece could not escape the imputation of being warmed over. Some of the scraps were recognized as having been on the table before.

But I am bound to say that the table was beautifully garnished. The candelabra was resplendent, and the town having assembled to see the new piece reminded me of a funeral at the Little Church Around the Corner, where nobody has time to think of the deceased, for everybody is too busy counting the flowers.

Mr. Harrigan is the inventor of the happy device of amalgamating the negro and the Irishman. His patent makes Stephen Foster and Dion Boucicault walk the earth in a perennial vaudiville.

If you think the folk songs of the plantation died with Dixie, go and hear Mr. Dave Brahman still pouring them out. If you want to see all the ebullient cussedness of negro minstrelsy doing the double shuffle under the banner of the indigenous drama, go to Harrigan's.

If you want to see the innumerable Irishman of the Fourth ward outside of the Fourth ward, you have got to visit this asylum for him.

It is astonishing how the town revels in the menage, when the animals are safely caged behind musical bars.

A good many other fellows have tried to keep the graves of minstrelsy green, and wandered off into grotesque. Mr. Harrigan alone stands radiant in the cemetery and makes the ghosts go round.

Somewhere up in the chair of the temple there is Italian opera. You can hear some of the strains of the "Trovatore" and the "Prophete" leaking through journalism. But the doctrinaires call it "Abbey opera," and the Wagner critics, as a rule, pretend to be very much astonished when you tell them there is opera in town.

The name of Patti also glimmers in the week and the season reminds me of a swell dinner at which everybody eats turtle and pate in impatience and waits for Chauncey Depew.

Why shouldn't we call Patti an after dinner donna?

Of course I'll go up like everybody else to the Metropolitan malt house before she goes and let her hypnotize me. She'll shake her saucy head instead of her voice, and roll her wicked eyes instead of her top note, and show her plumage instead of her ramage and wink at a high C, and we'll all swear we heard it.

Patti deserves well of the coming generation, which would never have heard of her.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Continued from eighth page.

Mrs. T. H. Bigger, sister of Mrs. Barr Parker, returns home today after a month's visit pleasantly spent in Lincoln.

A happy party was held at 800 D street Thursday evening, when Miss Maud Tyler and her brother, Will, entertained their friends with the pleasures of high five, music and dancing. Choice refreshments were served and an exceedingly pleasant evening enjoyed. Among those present were the Misses Harris, J. Leland, K. McArthur, F. Farwell, H. Gere, F. Gere, N. Lau, A. Lau, G. Baldwin, G. Sals, D. Cochran, M. Bohanan, G. Tyler, S. Young, Harris, Messers E. Mockett, E. Folsom, F. Sanders, A. Sanders, F. White, M. Buford, W. Winger, S. Hewitt, C. Manley, E. Morrell, E. Finney, F. and W. Finney, E. Tyler, F. Cowdry, F. Rothchild, F. Lewis and C. Winchester.

If there is anything new and neat in the way of diamonds or fine jewelry that you cannot find at Eugene Hallett's, and at the right price, too, we want to know it. His assortment is complete, the prices are marked in plain figures, the attendants are courteous and gentlemanly and there are a hundred other reasons why you should bestow your patronage there. It's a place you are always sure of getting value received for your money and might be very aptly described a "poem in gold and brilliants." Step in and look over the stock. It will cost you nothing and will give an excellent idea of the quality of goods handled by this enterprising house.

A Wedding in High Life. or a wedding in any other kind of life would be incomplete without proper invitations or announcements. If you are at a banquet and a poorly printed, besmudged menu is before you, it is distasteful to the eye, not in keeping with the surroundings and consequently not worth the attention of a guest or a waiter. Likewise an inferior and cheap looking invitation. If it is neatly and properly gotten up (and there's few that are correctly worded) it will prove pleasing to the eye and the recipient will preserve it for years. It denotes character and refinement of the affair as well as of the contracting parties and the small cost of getting an artistic wedding invitation is not to be considered on such occasions which generally occur but once in a lifetime. We have made this class of work and all other society printing and copper plate work a specialty for seven years, and it has won deserved recognition, not only at home but abroad. Our experience is at your service. Samples may be seen at our office, 1134 N street, or will be mailed on application. Engraved wedding invitations, calling cards, etc., are our specialty.

Wedding invitations, either printed or engraved in the finest style of the art at THE COURIER office. Correct forms and best quality of stock guaranteed. Samples cheerfully shown.

Wedding invitations—Wessel Printing Co. "Shogo" has been at the head of all western flour for eight years. It must be good.

In selecting frames for your pictures, see the latest styles and most durable makes at the new Lincoln frame and art company, 236 South Eleventh street.

Lady Canvassers Wanted. Ladies can make big money soliciting subscriptions for THE COURIER. It is a neat, clean, nonsensational paper that commands the respect of everyone and should be in every home in the city. It is easy work and large pay. Call at this office for particulars.

Wedding Invitations. We are headquarters for these goods and furnish them from the cheapest printed card to the finest, engraved work. Having had seven years experience we keep posted on the most stylish designs absolutely correct forms, etc. All we ask intending purchasers is to call and inspect samples of the work we are daily turning out. 1134 N street.

Nesbit's show windows during the holiday trade have been the source of much pleasure to the passers by on O street. The decorations have not only been tasteful and unique, but the goods shown comprised the newest things for footwear that can anywhere be found. Verily, Nesbit is the progressive shoe man of Lincoln.

Miss Anna Dick, Modiste, Corner Eleventh and P streets over Lincoln Savings Bank & Safety Deposit Co., entrance on P street.

All meals at Odell's new dining hall reduced to twenty cents. No credit and no tickets to anyone. The meals are same as formerly and the price lower than ever. This makes the board at Odell's cheap and the best in the state for the money.

All essential goods prefer "Shogo" fancy patent flour. Lincoln grocers sell lots of it.

E. R. Guthrie has arranged to continue in the carriage line. Customers wanting first class work will do well to wait for a new line of the very finest jobs on the market, which will arrive in ample time for spring trade at 1540 O street.

China firing every Thursday at Conservatory of Music. Elith Russell.

New England Crystal meal, the latest and finest production for wash or baking purposes. Ask for it at grocers.

Nothing like New England graham for breads or graham gems. Dealers sell it.

The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is always at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.

Our work speaks for itself. It needs no brag or bluster, simply your own opinion will testify to its merits. The Studio Le Grande is on the ground floor, centrally located and a beautiful place. Call and see us at 134 south Twelfth street.

The Radiant Home is no new face but has an established reputation for economy and beauty. Dunham & Buck, sole agents, 1126 O street.

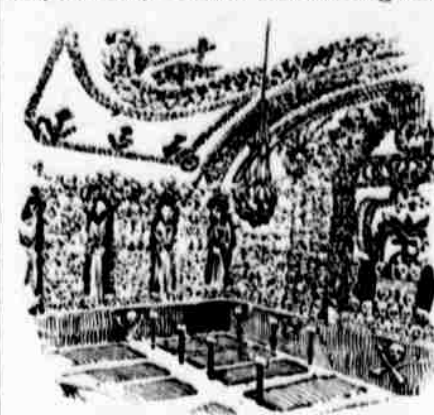
Coal of every size from the best mines in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Colorado and Wyoming for sale by Geo. A. Raymer. Telephone 390. Office 1134 O street.

Give us a call before buying elsewhere and you will find our prices the lowest. The Great 10c Store 118 south Twelfth street.

TO BE SEEN FOR A FRANG.

The Display of Human Bones in a Roman Monastery.

Rome is full of ghastly places—catacombs with cords of skulls, femurs and ribs, wrecks of palaces with dungeons, murderous subterranean passages now but inhabited, coffin chambers hewn in lava rock, where lie yellow bones or gray ashes; but among all these gruesome spots the chief is the basement of the Cappuccini church, where 4,000 monks are buried in four little chambers. The floors of these chambers are made of patches of earth from Jerusalem, about ten feet square. Each time a brown monk dies he is put into this earth, not, however, until the brother longest in



A GLIMPSE OF THE "CEMETERY."

is dug up and his bones used to decorate the walls. The new corpse takes the old one's place. Consequently there are artistic festoons of strings of jawbones, little stars of vertebrae, brackets for candles made of femurs with collar bones for the tops, flower pots of forearms suspended from the ceilings with strings of fingers and toes, complete skeletons standing erect, robed and bewhiskered as in life and still with their fingers about the cross, exactly as they were buried; banks of skulls, each labeled with the brother's name, age and time of death. It is a frightful place and the monastery secures a good revenue by charging a franc admission.

The Magistrate's Short Way. Mr. James Payn is well known as an English novelist. He is also worthy of reputation as a chronicler of events in real life. Writing recently of cantankerous people he said:

"The man who will not show his railway ticket is a well known example. 'I've paid my money, and that's enough,' he doggedly says, and delays a whole trainful of passengers by his doltish obstinacy. A very rich man on the Southwestern line. He was well known upon it, for his appearance was peculiar, so that this doggedness of conduct was not of much consequence.

On one occasion a ticket collector, unacquainted with him, made the usual inquiry. The old gentleman did not even consider an answer, but stared steadily before him. 'I must see your ticket, sir.' No answer. This monologue went on for some time, till at last a young gentleman in the corner of the carriage observed pathetically: 'He won't show it, conductor. It's no use. I know him so well. He's my father.' This class of man now frequents the tram cars, and the magistrate takes a very short way with them. 'Twenty shillings or ten days.'

Their Joy Turned to Sorrow. A sad case is that of Herman Schlosser, Jr. Up to the spring of 1890, when he entered on his fifteenth year, he was as bright a boy for his age as could be found in New York city.

He awoke one night and heard some one trying to force the door of the flat. He arose, his father and whistled. 'Burglars are here,' Mr. Schlosser arose, grasped a revolver and listened. Stealthily sounds convinced him of the truth of his boy's assertion and he fired through the panel of the door. The marauders ran, and the old gentleman laughing remarked to his wife, 'Those fellows won't give us another call in a hurry.'

Just then his eldest son John exclaimed: 'Come, look at Herman! What is the matter with him?' The lad lay in a fit and a physician who was summoned said that he was suffering from epileptic mania, the result of fright. After that he averaged two spasms a day and often attempted suicide. Necessarily he was sent to the Ward's Island insane asylum, where he apparently improved. Not long ago the doctors pronounced him cured, and a day was fixed for his release. The parents went joyfully to greet him and take him home. They returned broken hearted. Just before their arrival the poor lad's mania had taken a violent form, and now it is doubtful if he ever regains his senses.

A Tough Time for the Police. 'My wife is false! The world is coming to an end!'

That was all the statement the Brooklyn police could get from crazy John Johnson after dragging him half frozen from Bushwick creek.

The Lunatic at Bay. The officers were mad, disgusted and shivering. They had good reason for feeling at odds with the world. At early dawn a platoon was ordered out to rescue and restrain a maniac, who was paddling about on a spar and hurling defiance at the spectators.

On their arrival the bluecoats found the creek full of floating logs, and over these they attempted to approach their prey. One after another slipped from his insecure footing into the stream and spoiled his new winter uniform, while the wild man yelled with delight and derision. Had Johnson's strength held out the chase might have been kept up indefinitely, but he grew tired, paddled near shore and was captured. Nothing of the lunatic's previous history is known.



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HERE'S A GOOD IDEA.

A COMBINATION STREET AND HOUSE DRESS.

It Has Been Worked Out by One Woman and Will Be Welcome to Many of Her Sisters—Pannier Drapery Is Now In Other Matters.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—A novel and highly useful idea in having a gown that is perfection for the street and also for the house has just been evolved by a lady who has plenty of means and time at her command, but it is an idea that will bear working out by many another sister. It consists of a skirt and jacket, or cloak, trimmed in the same manner, so as to be worn in the street. The skirt has a deep border of moufflon fur, above which are braided ornaments, more or less elaborate. The back of the dress skirt is fluted and plain, and training



STREET AND HOUSE DRESS.

The richness of the corsage added to the trimming on the skirt and the fineness of the material makes a most elegant and dressy costume, which becomes plain by comparison when the outer garment is on.

Some of the dresses made in this style have at the bottom just the band of fur, and then a large pattern in applique velvet embroidery headed and finished by narrow gold or silver cord. The cloak reaches to below the knees, so that the fur border on that reaches nearly to the fur band below and almost hides the rich embroidery, and thus makes the dress rich, but modest enough for the street. When the cloak is removed the superb garniture of waist and skirt makes a gown fit for the grandest reception.

These are usually made of fine ladies' cloth and the most effective are vieux rose and biscuit color. Tan and green also come up well under this treatment. The corsage shown in this costume is made like a peasant waist, with the top scalloped and embroidered on the edge with very narrow gold braid, and the scallops are laid on a background of upstanding fur like that on the skirt. The upper part of the waist is of jonquil satin, dotted with small jet nailheads. The upper part of the sleeves are the same and the lower of the embroidered cloth. The peasant corsage has a long point in front, which is richly embroidered in lengthwise pattern. I have written at this length to explain this idea clearly, as it may be of service to many ladies who have the notion that it is necessary to have a separate toilet for ceremonious visits and for best street gowns.

Among the lovely dresses shown by an importing house I counted twenty-three out of 100 dresses that had either pannier or apron drapery. One very dainty home dress was of jonquil (which is a very popular color) India silk, with



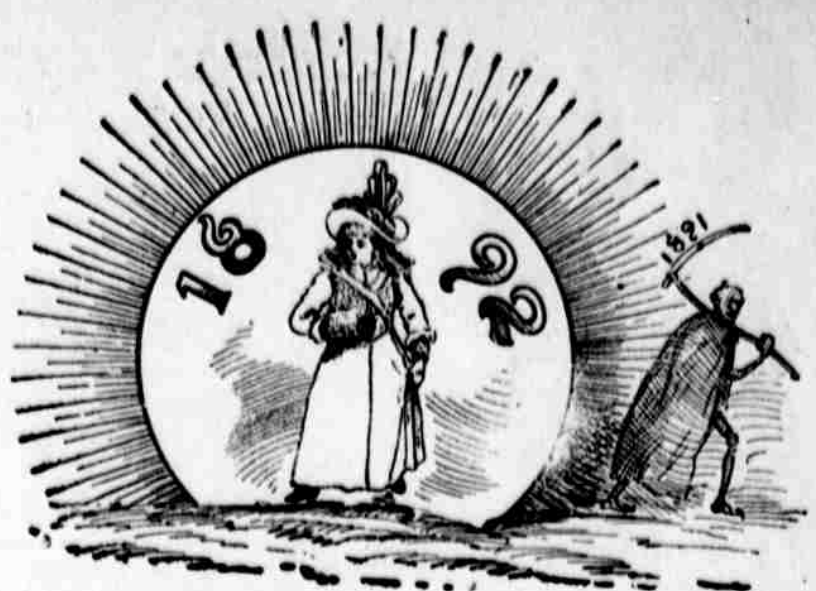
PANNIER DRAPERY IS IN.

dark brown polka dots. The back was shirred in four gathers and the front of the skirt plain at the bottom, but with a doubled drapery in front put on in tablier style. The waist was draped across beautifully and the upper part filled in with cream Japanese crepe.

Another very elegant gown for an elderly lady was of black faille francise, with a skirt plain all around, but with a flat applique of escorial lace. I also saw another gown like this in every particular, but with a pinked rose ruching five inches wide around the bottom. The front has an apron drapery laid quite pointed, with very deep folds, which are bunched up at the back. The corsage has a plastron vest of escorial lace over white satin. This is removable, and any other color can be substituted to vary the costume.

For the small dinners, operas and dances of this season there are some superb brocades, almost rivaling upholstery in richness. One gray in two shades, with silver outlining, is exquisitely beautiful. Another has a ground of pale green and cream shot silk, with a delicate lattice-like tracery in silvery white over it, altogether making a most fairylike pattern. Some has black and red woven in such a way that it looks like the bright lines of fire on the edges of burned pasteboard, and with the movement of the wearer it quivers and trembles like living fire.

OLIVE HARPER.



The rising sun of '92" Has shed his beams, kind friends on you, And may his bright and friendly rays, Illume with light your future days.

With the beginning of the New Year we commence our Grand Clearance Sale of Winter Suits and Overcoats.

All our Mens' and Boys' heavy suits and overcoats must be closed out within the next sixty days. To do this we have made such REDUCTION OF PRICES that each and every garment in the house is a veritable bargain. Don't miss this opportunity offered you by the

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE COR. O AND TENTH STS.

WE SHALL BEGIN A

Special Bargain Sale

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Dick's Footwarmers.

Have a pair of them for each member of the family and then cold weather and cold floors won't give them colds.

ED. C. YATES,

1129 O STREET.



We keep in sight of all the people, swinging high o'er hill and steeples, Tell, g to each world and star, what our splendid bargains are. S. B. Nisbet fits the feet from a stock that is complete. Telling other worlds the news, where to purchase ladies' shoes.

For the opera, the ball room or street wear, we show attractive and exclusive sty 1015 O St. S. B. NISBET. 1015 OSt.